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"I know," the General answered: "but now you are in New-Orleans. He's of

THE CURTIS FURNISHING COMPANY
830 Arch St., Philadelphia

[illegible]

Induces Sleep

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
31 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

[illegible]

The latter began to laugh, and the General joined him. I saw then for the first time that the two had been playing a kind of grim joke on me. A little later we adjourned to the Varieties Club.

"...and, we couldn't get him out to a ranch dance, could we? No? Well, we're much obliged anyway."

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